

THE GLAD



TIDINGS

AND OHIO UNIVERSALIST.

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WHOLE NO. 29.

THE GLAD TIDINGS.

S. A. DAVIS, Editor.

PITTSBURG, SEPT. 2. 1837.

Western Convention of Universalists.

This body will hold its annual session at Fredericktown, Knox co., Ohio, on the first Wednesday and Thursday (4th and 5th) of October next. We hope to have the pleasure of meeting every minister of our order, who lives in the State and vicinity, at this Convention, besides an innumerable number of lay-brethren.

The General Convention of Universalists of the United States, will hold its next annual session in the city of Philadelphia, on the third Wednesday and following Thursday in this month.

A quarterly Conference of the Western Reserve Association, will be holden at Lenox, Ashtabula co., Ohio, on the 2nd Saturday and following Sunday in this month.

The Susquehanna Association meets in Sheshequin, Bradford county, Pa. on the first Wednesday and Thursday—4th and 5th of October next.

The annual meeting of the Murray Association of Universalists, will be holden on Saturday and Sunday the 26th and 27th days of August next, in the township of Westfield, Medina county, Ohio. A full representation of the several societies and congregations within its limits is sincerely desired. Ministering and lay brethren from abroad are cheerfully invited to favor us with their attendance and counsel.

By special request, the Standing Clerk being absent.

STEPHEN HULL.

New Publication.

We acknowledge the receipt of a copy of a Sermon, dedicated to the parents of the scholars and teachers of the Berean Sabbath School, East Cambridge, Mass., by Henry Bacon, pastor of the 2nd Universalist Society of that place. The importance of an early, correct education, is set forth in the discourse, in a plain, simple and forcible manner, and if heeded,

will do much good. We can but hope that more, much more, attention will be paid to the education of children by Universalist parents, than has been hitherto. Religious education we mean; for, if the true religion of Christ is a benefit to the parent, why should it not be taught to the child, before the seeds of error shall have taken root in the tender mind?

The author will accept our thanks for the copy sent us.

✂ We learn from the "Trumpet" that Bro. Tho. F. King of Charlestown, Mass., expects to preach in Massillon, Ohio, on the first and second Sundays in this month.

Not a Black List.

Stephen Stoel of Reynoldsburgh, O., and John Crouse of Palmyra, O., are informed that we will discontinue their papers when they pay up what is due—the first owes \$1 50, and the latter \$2. We shall expect to hear from them very soon.

P. P. and S. R. R. of Palmyra, are informed that agreeable to our terms, all subscriptions are for one year, unless paid in advance, and as we have received nothing from them, we hold them responsible for one year's subscription whether they take the paper or not.

It is strange, beyond all comprehension, that any person making the least claim to Christianity, and especially to Universalism, should subscribe for a paper, and receive it three, six or twelve months, and then refuse to take it from the office without any just cause, and without paying or giving the publisher any satisfaction. We can think of no meanness greater than this. We know we speak plain;—we intend to, and know that no honorable man will blame us for it. We promised in our prospectus, to expose wickedness, wherever it might be found—we shall be true to our promise—we shall not spare even our professed friends. We have been rather negligent thus far, but we promise that in future, none shall escape.

N. B.—If any of the above have paid to an Agent, let them give us immediate notice thereof, and we will cheerfully correct all mistakes.

The following article was written on the nineteenth of July, and should have appeared in No. 1. of the present volume. It was put in the hands of the compositor for the last No but necessity compelled us to delay it till the present.

S. A. D.

Bro. Davis—I am about to commence a task which defies my descriptive powers. Brimfield has suffered; the demon of fanaticism has visited her and cut down in an hour some of those tender plants that were flourishing in the open day of their Heavenly Fathers smile's. A fanatic by the name of Green has been there; his breath is worse than the deadly Siroc, for while that blasts the physical energies; this prostrates the reason of man. But I pause. Where shall I begin? Ah, I have it; I will assume the simple plain descriptive style, and in doing this I shall be frequently found using my own name and that of others as we occasionally interfered in the wretched drama.

Last Friday morning I received a request to attend a funeral on the next day at the Baptist meeting house in Brimfield, and to administer the consolations of the Gospel to those who mourned the death of an aged father of fourscore and three—he was a believer in the Abrahamic faith, & anxiously waited for the paternal call to take him home.

On the afternoon of the day previous to the funeral, I repaired to Br. Smith's in the neighborhood of our deceased Br. and learned that our meeting was to be held in a different part of the town, four miles east of the Baptist meeting house. This appeared to myself and friends, improper, because, after the meeting, the procession was to move to the place of interment in the immediate vicinity of said Baptist meeting house.

I then repaired to the meeting house, where a Baptist protracted meeting was in session, after having gained the consent of the relations of the deceased, for the purpose of giving notice that we would use their house (with their consent,) for the funeral occasion. Here, for the first time in my life I was brought into contact with the real genuine spirit of fanaticism. A

Mr. Barnes (Green's Companion,) raved in more than Burchard style, he is below mediocrity in literature, and knows not, if we judge from his speech, that two negatives in English, are equal to an affirmative, "You don't want to be nothing," is a specimen.

In describing the employment of the damned, he threw himself into the attitude of a blasphemer by throwing his body backwards as near as he could to a horizontal position, clenching his fists, at the same time, raising one towards heaven and drawing the other back, as though he would strike some invisible object above him.—Thus he would cry with teeth closed, and lips widely distended, "Blaspheming God!"—"Blaspheming God," &c.

Green succeeded him with curses and imprecations on Universalists and Campbellites. He then called on the people to fill the anxious seats, they were soon filled. Then he prayed to "Jesus master, God Almighty to turn the Universalist devils out of the house. He then arose and commanded the converts to pray aloud, after this he ordered them to confess their sins with all the authority of his holiness the Pope of Rome. During their confessions one person arose and confessed that he had escaped from the delusion of Universalism, and that now he had got Holy Ghost religion. On this, I arose, and stated that I too believed in a Holy Ghost religion, or in other words in that religion which directs by the spirit of truth—but alas! my speech was a short one, for the deafening cry arose of "hold on—hold on, sir," "sit down sir, sit down, hold on, hold on—I was obliged to desist. How I was known I know not. I retired at a late hour, and spent a sleepless night. Blasphemous grins from these pretended men of God, curses dire, and foul imprecations and blasphemies unthought of before, disturbed my rest until the mornings dawn. I arose, & prepared to meet the labors of the day. After returning the remains of our aged brother to its mother earth, we repaired to the church. Brothers, Loring and Crittendon were present by my request, from Akron; and Green and Barnes, too, were there. The former endeavored to look me out of countenance with a tremendous stare of steady defiance. I mildly and as steadily returned another of pity until I had other duties to perform, I can truly say that this hour was one of the happiest in my life, for I had the opportunity of declaring the goodness of God in the midst of a fanatical revival, and of holding out those Christian hopes that sustain the soul in the hour of death.

Br. Loring followed me, and held the attention of the audience at will, the demons of partialism quailed before him for the spirit of the Lord God was truly upon him.

After retiring and taking refreshment, and resting ourselves until night, we again repaired to the meeting house where we

expected the scenes of the former evening would be revived, in Mr. Green's reply to my discourse of the day. We had been in the house but a short time before bro. Whitney arrived from Ohio City. The sermon was commenced and directed principally to myself; I stood and received it. It was made up of disjointed maledictions, and illiterate and obscene vulgarity, too foul to find a place in your columns. At the close, bro. W. attempted to make some remarks and the only successful method by which Green could silence him was by falling on his knees and praying, and O, what a prayer! God was informed that we were devils, Imps of hell, &c. Suffice it to say that my ink is not black enough to paint in true colors the rage and slander manifested by this pretended child of God. After he had finished, Br. Whitney attempted to speak & again was silenced by the yelling of a hymn, while their countenances were turned upon him in rage. Again, at the close of the hymn he essayed to speak until another prayer of curses and slander was uttered to silence him. Thus the horrid farce was acted until nearly 12 at night, when Mr. Green seized his Bible and snatched from it a new text in his wrath declared that he would preach until Monday morning unless bro. W. desisted. In pity to the congregation we retired, when the meeting was broke up.

On leaving the house, Mr. Green was assailed with eggs, a prosecution followed. We are happy to learn that no Universalist was engaged in such a crime.

How long this will continue I know not, the heathen still rage and the people imagine a vain thing. E. HOAG.

Br. L. L. Sadler has been travelling this season, visiting different sections of Ohio and Michigan for the purpose of preaching the gospel to the destitute, and paying some attention to the waste places of Zion. He will continue his peregrinations till the 1st of October, when he expects to make a location for the Winter at Perrysburg.—He wishes all Letters and Papers designed for him directed to that place hereafter till otherwise ordered.

For the Glad Tidings.

MEDINA, July 19, 1837.

Last Sunday I preached in Westfield. On the desk in the morning, I found Gen. 4, 3. "The serpent said unto the woman, ye shall not surely die"—transcribed in Hebrew characters. I suspected it was the work of a Presbyterian Clergyman. So it proved. One Parson Russell was the agent. I announced that I would preach from it in the afternoon. The result was, we had a much larger congregation than in the morning. This afforded an excellent opportunity to show up the Devil's doctrine to considerable advantage. Several orthodox folks were present, and if I am not much mistaken, they will hereafter exercise more caution how they attempt to vilify Universalism, by representing it as the doctrine of the Serpent.

The next evening, (Monday,) Br. Sage, who had preached in Sharon on Sunday, preached in Westfield, and the aforesaid Rev. Russell attended. Br. Sage at the close of his discussion, gave liberty for reply, whereupon Mr. R. rose, and expressing great concern for the souls of the audience, proceeded to object to what Br. S. had advanced. At the request of Br. S., I rose to answer him, but the shepherd fled. We called on him to tarry, remarking that a few words of reply would be offered, and he had better stay and defend what he had said; but no, he could not be out so late, though it was not quite nine o'clock, and made for the door with all convenient despatch. Such a course, reminds us of something about the hireling, whose the sheep are not. 'Tis said too, you know, the wicked flee when no man pursueth. Probably the gentleman recollected that stanza in Butler's Hudibras:—

"He that fights and runs away,
May live to fight another day;
But he that is in battle slain,
Will never, never fight again."

The friends of truth expressed their entire satisfaction with the course things took in the above instances, and there is no doubt, but a few more such sallies on the part of our adversaries, would give a salutary impetus to our cause in Westfield. We have a respectable number of brethren in this vicinity, most of whom are good men and true.

The more Orthodoxy and Universalism are brought in contact, the more apparent it becomes that *mene tekeli* is inscribed on the former. Let us rejoice in the assurance, that great is the truth, and must and ultimately will prevail. R. S.

EXPOSITION—No. III.

CHRISTIAN FAITH.

BY THE REV. DANIEL ACKLEY.

Go into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature. He that believeth &c.

Mark xvi: 15-16.

Relative to the character of christian faith Divines are, by no means, agreed. One man will say, that if a person's faith is correct, his moral conduct will be also. Another will tell you that the most wicked and abandoned rebel may possess as correct a faith as Paul did, or any of the primitive christians. I believe the latter opinion to be scriptural. What is faith? It is the full ascent of the mind, to a certain proposition produced by the force of evidence. That a mere *speculative faith* does not, in all cases, affect our salvation and consequent happiness. I will now attempt to prove. He that believeth the Gospel shall be saved. No! this is not the sense of the text. What then? It is this. He that believes, and in addition to his belief of the Gospel is baptised into its spirit of love and mercy, for none have the promise of salvation, but they only who are baptised. "He that believeth, and is baptised, shall be saved. This baptism is not, in my humble estimation, an outward ordinance, but an immersion of the mind into the holy principles of the Gospel. Paul explains—"For as many of you as have been baptised into Christ have put on Christ;" i. e. put on his spirit of impartiality, meekness, love, forbearance, and long suffering, &c. Such a faith is not dead—it is active—it works by love, and purifies the heart—it works no ill to its neighbors."

Reader, if you have nothing better than a mere dead or speculative faith, you may say, if you see a brother or a sister naked and destitute of daily food: depart in peace, be ye warm and filled; notwithstanding ye give them not those things which are needful for the body. But if you have an active or operative belief in the great fundamental principles of divine truth, you will work no ill to your neighbors; you will feed the hungry, clothe the naked, visit the widow and fatherless in their afflictions, and keep yourself unspotted from the world. "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved."

Written for the Glad Tidings.
Original.

PHRENOLOGY—No. 3.

The brain consists of a congerie or plurality of organs each of which is connected with some particular mental faculty. In support of this principle it is argued, *First*, In all observations of the material organs, no one organ is known to perform separate functions, but the reverse, thus the heart propels the blood, the arteries convey it to the various parts of the system—and the veins convey it back to the heart again—the liver secretes bile—the stomach digests food—the lungs perspire—the optic nerve manifests vision—the olfactory nerve judges odour—there is one system of nerves for the purposes of locomotion—another for sensibility of feeling or touch—another for taste, &c. &c., hence if the mind partakes of the same regularity by which the material organs are governed, it of necessity results that each faculty of the mind should have an individual organ peculiar to itself and it would be just as unreasonable to suppose all the faculties of the mind—a love of benevolence—veneration—mechanical ingenuity—conscientiousness, &c., should emanate, pell mell from the brain as an unit or individual organ as it would be to suppose the optic nerve, besides manifesting vision, capable to judge of odour or the nerve of motion to be also the organ of sensibility or taste—of hearing—of feeling, &c. *Secondly*, If the mind makes use of the whole brain to produce each mental function, all the faculties would be manifested at the same time, and every individual would be from natural talents as much of a genius in one thing as that of another. But is this the case? The very farthest from it. It is well known that several of the faculties are not manifested at all, or at the most in a very partial manner before the individual arrives at or near the years of maturity. 2. That individuals are not unfrequently found noted for transcendent genius for one particular art, science, or study, and yet almost totally destitute for that of any other, in other words it is proved that a genius for poetry or mathematics is no bar to the want of mechanics or music. *Thirdly*, In dreaming some of the faculties are awake whilst others are asleep. *Quere*. How is it possible to account for this phenomena but by admitting the plurality of the mental organs. *Fourthly*, Insanity and idiocy are not always general

but frequently *partial*, thus there are some who though deficient or insane in one particular faculty of the mind possess all the others healthy and energetic. *Fifthly*, Diseases and physical injuries of the brain so far from affecting all the faculties of the mind more frequently destroy, modify, increase, or deturate one or more of them.—This is, of itself sufficient to destroy the notion—the brain is used as an individual organ for the production of each mental function: finally, *Sixthly*, It is generally observed that when greatly fatigued by any one particular study or train of thought, the mind so far from being still farther oppressed by engaging in a new subject of study or thought, experiences, not only a relaxation, but is sometimes even renovated by the change.

Observation.—The doctrine of the plurality of mental organs is not so peculiar to phrenology as many have in error been led to suppose; on the contrary, by reference to history's page, we find many of the most eminent philosophers of antiquity to have held opinions not altogether dissimilar to those of Gall—thus: St. Gregory of Nice, is said to have compared the brain to a city, the coming and going of whose inhabitants caused no confusion because each set out from a fixed point and arrived at a determinate spot, and Aristotle who wrote 200 years before the Christian era, and was doubtless the greatest natural philosopher of his day, even went so far as to designate the portions of the brain in which he supposed certain of the faculties to be seated.

But these former discoveries or perhaps more properly speaking, notions, inasmuch as they were not reduced to a practical application, nor demonstrated as true theories, derogate in no respect from the merits of Gall, they were doubtless original with him, and in after times when he became informed that the celebrated individuals already mentioned with several others of equal note, prior to himself held similar opinions on the philosophy of the human mind to those of his own, such was his candour and magnanimity of soul—that so far from attempting to derogate from the merits of the former, he gave greater publicity to it and urged it as one of the strongest proofs in support of his system.

THE DISCUSSION.

We are happy to inform our readers, that the preliminaries of the discussion between Messrs. Skinner and Campbell, are now settled. Hence, (though quite a number of letters have been published on both sides,) the discussion properly commences now. We intend to lay the whole before our readers as fast as circumstances will permit, as we believe, there is a general interest felt on the subject. New subscribers to the present volume of the Glad Tidings, will see by this, that they lose none of it, save those letters which are mostly occupied about rules for the debate, &c.

ELIZABETHTOWN, VA.

E. R. CROCKER, ASSOCIATE.

TO THE PATRONS OF THE GLAD TIDINGS, AND OHIO UNIVERSALIST.

As arrangements have been recently made, that your humble servant shall become associate editor of this periodical, except of course he will say something relative to the subject, as introductory to his editorial career. Well then, brethren, sisters, friends and all, you know the duty of an editor of a religious periodical, is to do his patrons *all the good he can*. His aim should be, to make them better, and as a consequence, happier. But with regard to this, we know not how we shall succeed. Being young, and inexperienced, we may fail in our attempt, however anxious we may be to promote the welfare of our fellow creatures. We know, full well, that mankind, every where, desire *happi.ess*.

"There's something still, which prompts the eternal sigh,

For which we bear to live, or dare to die."

But the question is, how shall we attain to this? We know no other way, than that prescribed by Divine Wisdom. Infinite wisdom cannot err. If then, we would succeed in fulfilling the duties of an editor, that is, if we would do our patrons good and render them happy we must study to show ourself, "approved of God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth and giving to one and all, a portion in due season." To be happy, man must become acquainted with the character of God, his purposes, will, and promises, He must also know himself and feel his accountability to God; he must know and do his duty to others—acquaint himself with his own physical, organical, intellectual and moral faculties, and learn the nature of human action, of vice and virtue, their consequences, operating upon the human constitution, &c. &c. Hence you see the editor of a religious periodical has an almost infinite field in which to labor, and be useful to his fellows. In this field, you may expect to find your humble servant from time to time, as opportunity will permit, doing what little good, under Divine Providence, he can. He promises nothing in particular. In due time his works will speak for themselves, either for, or against him. So now I'doff my hat, and make my bow and take my post.

E. R. CROCKER.

To our Virginia brethren in general, and to our brethren within the boundaries of "Marshall county Circuit" in particular.

Brethren: You discover by the late arrangement made by the proprietors of the "Glad Tidings and Ohio Universalist," that we have an editorial department assigned to us; this we ought to esteem as a great favor, and benefit also, as it regards the opportunity we have of publishing from time to time, whatever is of a local interest to this immediate vicinity. Now, brethren,

ren, your humble servant begs leave to suggest to you, whether the best method to reciprocate this favor, to the worthy, the highly esteemed publishers of this religious periodical, would not be, to use our exertions to effect as extensive a circulation of this infant proclaimer of the truth of a world's salvation, *as we possibly can?* By so doing, we will "kill two birds with one stone," i. e. we will benefit our fellow creatures around us, and the publishers too. Now, brethren we are morally bound to do this, and I do believe I form not too good an opinion of you, even when I most sincerely declare, that I believe you will, with all pleasure, use your most zealous endeavors to procure by your influence, &c. *a good number more of subscribers, for Bros. Davis and Chappell and gladden their hearts,*

E. R. C.

Original.

FREE AGENCY—No. 2.

What is man that thou art mindful of him?

"God said, let us make man in our own image, after our *likewise*, so God created man in his own image; in the image of God created he him," Gen. 1, 26, 27. Reader; will you receive, thus saith the Lord, thy preconceived opinions to the contrary, notwithstanding? If so, it will be plain to you, that the spiritual or inward man, as Paul terms it, was created in the image and likeness of God, and is a complete miniature of the majesty on high, who hath commanded us to address him by the endearing appellation of our Father who art in Heaven—and who, on account of the relationship we sustain to him, hath deigned to be mindful of us; and St. Paul bearing testimony to the same effect, declares man to be the offspring of God. Now in fact man is the offspring of God, and bears his *image* and *likeness* in miniature, he must necessarily be in possession of at least a *semblance* of all the heavenly attributes necessary to constitute the God of the universe, from whom we emanated, and to whom we are closely related. Therefore, in order to search out what manner of persons we, the offspring of God are, it becomes necessary to urge the investigation still farther back upon the Parent of the Universe, whose image and likeness we bear; and with feelings of deep reverence inquire, What are thy attributes & perfections, O our Father & our God? Thou hast informed us in thy sacred word, that to know thee, is eternal life.—Therefore, we advisedly press the question for investigation, viz: "Who is the Almighty that we should worship him? What are thy attributes and perfections," etc. The attributes of God are enumerated in the following tabular, "Love, justice, wisdom, power, goodness, truth, holiness." These we believe are the seven spirits (or attributes) of God, spoken of in the Revelations, 5, 6; which are sent forth into all the earth, and possessed by all the offspring of

God; not that we are as great as God, for he who buildeth a house, hath more honor than a house, & he who buildeth all things is God; Heb. 3, 4. God is the *cause* and man the effect, and no effect can equal the cause that originated it; just so with the attributes or spirits of God, when manifested in him, and are an emanation of the same when manifested in man the children whom he hath created and recognized as his offspring.

Thus when we contemplate those attributes in Deity, their substance expands like an ocean without bounds, and the feebleness of language falls infinitely short of their description, but in man they are small and limited. God is love, saith an inspired writer. This is made manifest to us in the gracious design of our creation. This attribute is co-eval with his existence, and co-existent with his nature; it is so great that it cannot be added to, and so disinterested that "death nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus." 2. The attribute *justice* runs parallel with love, "The judge of all the earth will do right, and though hand join in hand, the wicked shall not go unpunished." This is a rule of correct discipline for the great family which in heaven is named. 3d, 4th & 5th. The attributes; wisdom, power and goodness, are so manifest to the contemplative mind, that they need not to be particularly described at this time, and being enveloped in their atmosphere, we can only exclaim, infinite space is not large enough to exhaust thy creative power, infinite years are too short to develop all thy wisdom, and the whole creation too small on which to lavish all thy goodness. 6th. The attribute Truth in God, inspires the believer with a confidence which is like an anchor to the soul, sure and steadfast. When he calls to mind the gracious promises contained in the gospel, the mind inquires, will these promises be verified? and then with an unshaken confidence in Deity he will exclaim, "hath he promised and will he not perform? Is he not unchangeable in his nature? or can one be wrested out of his hand?" Impossible; for the powers which he, are ordained of God, and are in subjection to him. Let God be true and every man a liar?" 7th, and lastly. We come now to notice the attribute Holiness. This is defined as being the purity and rectitude of Gods entire nature combined. The glory, lustre and harmony of all his other perfections uniting in one, constitutes Holiness; the same as the "seven colours uniting in one constitute the rainbow." So in like manner, the seven communicable attributes of God uniting in one, constitute Holiness. This being granted, and we have arrived to that knowledge of our heavenly Parent, to which we are exhorted to attain in order to be in

possession of "eternal life;" and to that knowledge of ourselves, which is requisite in order to solve the question before us, viz: "What is man that thou art mindful of him?" For inasmuch as we are created in his image and likeness, we therefore possess the semblance of all the heavenly attributes in miniature, being the offspring and children of the Majesty on high; and by cohesion, do possess of the love of God in our nature sufficient, if nurtured, to cause us to love the Lord our God with all our heart, and our neighbor as ourselves. Of the wisdom of God sufficient to enable us to know good from evil. Of the power of God sufficient to enable us to exercise our choice in the selection of objects presented to our view, then by constituting us free moral agents, and sufficient to enable us to originate acts, which in & of themselves are either earthly, sensual and devilish, or heavenly, holy, and angelic in their nature. Of justice, sufficient to enable us to deal justly by our neighbors. Of goodness, sufficient to enable us to love mercy and forgive others their trespasses, as our Heavenly Father, through the same benign goodness, forgives us our trespasses. Of truth, sufficient to enable us to speak truth every one to his neighbor, and not bear false witness against them. Of holiness, sufficient to enable us to cause our light to so shine that others seeing our united good works may therefore be constrained to glorify our Father who art in Heaven, who has thus constituted our nature, and imparted to us, his offspring, a sufficiency of the heavenly attributes that we, by cultivating them, may in the fulness of times become holy as our Father in Heaven is holy, without which no man can see the lord. Furthermore, it is a self-evident fact, that if there is but one species of holiness in Jehovah's dominions, that man must necessarily be in possession of all the attributes which constitutes holiness, or miss of salvation?—Brethren think on these things.

W. B.

Elizabethtown, Va. July 9, 1837.

THE QUARTERLY CONFERENCE

Of the 'Pittsburgh Association,' was held agreeable to appointment at Tiltonville, O., on the 4th Saturday and Sunday of July last. Ministering brethren present—G. N. Cox, E. R. Crocker and—[where were the other brethren?] Our congregations were not extremely large, though a goodly number attended upon the preached word, who, we hope and believe, were profited thereby. The Lord bless that people, and especially those from whom we received kind entertainment during our meeting.

E. R. C.

Cincinnati.—The health of Cincinnati has been unusually good, so far, this season. The number of interments for the week ending this 26th ult. was only 26.—The average number for the last three months had been less.

OHIO UNIVERSALIST.

COLUMBUS AND RAVENNA.

M. A. CHAPPELL AND E. HOAG, EDITORS.

POPULAR OBJECTIONS—No. 3.

DOUBLE CHANCE.

"If Universalism be true, a belief in endless misery can do no harm for your doctrine is a net, that will catch me; hence as Universalism may prove false, I have two chances to your one."

This objection against Universalism, is generally appealed to when all attempts at argument have failed, and of course if it has any weight is essential for the use of all partialists. The objection pre-supposes 1. That belief is voluntary. 2. That salvation, if endless misery be true, depends upon an abstract belief in that sentiment. But we deny that one can believe as he pleases, unless he please to believe according to the preponderating weight of evidence, by which the mind is irresistibly forced to yield assent either in favor of or against a proposition. Then, as faith is involuntary how can one be culpable for his belief or rejection of any doctrine? And how can one system of faith be safer, or more dangerous than another, further than the known and natural results produce their corresponding degrees of happiness or misery? Should it be said that our safety depends entirely upon good works, then, there are many who think themselves on "the safe side" that have no chance except to be caught in our "net;" while, if the limitarian doctrine be true, our chance is equally good as theirs. If there be any chance in the question it is certainly in our favor as it respects the present life. Partialists, on the grounds of prudence embrace the notion of endless suffering through fear of being made the subjects of such punishment. Now, as "fear hath torment," they are "all their lifetime made subject to bondage," whereas we have that "perfect love" and confidence in God, "which casteth out fear." Then the Universalist has a superior chance for happiness here, and an equal chance for salvation hereafter. Now, who has the "double chance?" To conclude this article, and place the subject in a proper light before the reader, I will introduce a comparison. A man, on a certain evening, traveling through the streets of a city, discovers an acquaintance stretched upon the side walk, opposite to his own dwelling, when he salutes him thus: "Friend, this is rather singular to see you 'camped out' so near your own house, why take up lodgings in the street?" "O, I go on the grounds of prudence; it is possible my dwelling may take fire before morning, so I concluded rather than run the risk of being destroyed in the flames, to try the pavement."

"True, there is a risk in living;—many evils are possible, but as you value health & prize your own happiness, repair immediately to more comfortable lodgings." "No; if your ideas be correct I shall receive no harm here, but if the house

takes fire all the inmates must perish,—I have two chances,—I am on the safe side—good night." Reader make the application. M. A. C.

Is it good logic?

Is it good logic, to attempt to show a contradiction between a plain declaration and a parable, introduced by the same writer to illustrate a different subject? If not, what shall we think of an article which appeared in the 43d Number of the "Cleveland Liberalist;" wherein the writer labors to show a contradiction in our Saviour's declaration, recorded in Matt. 6: 34: and Mark 7, 13; by comparing it with the parable of the "ten virgins," Matt. 25, 1, 12. After quoting these passages entire, he adverts to this item in the first verse: "Take therefore no thought for the morrow;" then asks: "Did the wise, or did the foolish virgins comply with this injunction?" Notice here the application which the Saviour makes of the parable. "Watch therefore, for ye know neither the day nor the hour when the Son of man cometh"—ver. 13. By the coming of the bridegroom, Jesus represented his own coming, which was then at hand; but the day & hour of his appearing was then unknown. So, the hearer is exhorted to watchfulness. Now please observe; the wise virgins, not knowing the day nor the hour when the bridegroom would come, are prepared for any exigency.—Are always ready. They took "no thought for the morrow," as they were expecting him to come that day.—Query—Did the wise virgins know that the bridegroom would not come until "midnight," and hence, laid in a supply of oil, specially for that hour?" But we find, the foolish virgins, did not guard against the evils of "the day," for their oil was exhausted before "midnight;" their lamps had previously gone out."

But the writer continues:—"Therefore, all things whatsoever ye would that men, (and of course women) should do to you, do ye even so to them. Query—Did the accepted virgins comply with this mandate? O, consistency, thou art a jewel! Amen." Why did not the wise virgins give to the foolish? Ans. "Lest there be not enough" for both. Is it doing as one would be done by, to give where it will be of no benefit to the recipient, but a great injury to the giver? Query—As dividing the oil with the foolish virgins had probably been the means of excluding them all from the wedding, was it not doing as they would be done by, to withhold it from them? So the impugner of the sacred text, will see, that his attempt to show a want of harmony and consistency in the Scripture under consideration, is a complete failure. M. A. C.

HUDSON, O.

On Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday evenings of last week, I preached in the Methodist meeting house of this place, to audiences, which doubled in numbers on each succeeding night. The College Students opposed me on each night by presenting before me in formal and deafening array, their opinions instead of arguments.

Though, I am a little too fast, for a Mr. Coe did attempt to prove that our foundation was a sandy one; he said that Universalists trusted altogether to the benevolence of God, for salvation and this he was sure would not do, for in this case we could perpetrate any crime and go to Heaven at last. He knows not that "the goodness of God leadeth to repentance." The only reply which I made, to this young aspirant to pulpit honors, was couched in the form of an exhortation, directing him to go home and reflect upon the enormity of his crime in attempting to prove that one of the adorable attributes of Jehovah was a foundation of sand. A number of the students listen to our doctrine with a favorable ear, and one, in particular, has embraced it. He is a member of the Presbyterian church, but his fate is sealed, for his expulsion is sure; he will be thrust out with garments torn and soiled. This is common. I will only add, that our cause is prospering; truth will prevail, thank God. E. H.

CRUSADE AGAINST THE CATHOLICS.

The extract following this article was cut from the United States Gazette, edited by Mr. Chandler of this city. In the remarks of this editor there is an independence manifested, which should ever characterise the conductor of a public Journal.

In the part which Col. Wm. Stone has espoused in behalf of injured innocence, there is developed a nobleness of purpose—a course of conscientious rectitude—a philanthropic motive, which reflects with polished lustre and dazzling splendor on his character.

How few individuals there are, whose sense of justice is sufficiently predominant to defend the innocent from mal-treatment—from unjust censure and popular indignation? How few in popular favor are vigilant in expressing the duplicity, the faults, or the wicked and corrupt machinations of their own friends, or society? That number is indeed small, who possess sufficient firmness to forego the approbation of those with whom they associate, who are members of the same body,—friends of one common cause.

Since the crusade commenced against the Catholics, up to the burning of the convent at Charleston; there has been a concerted scheme to degrade this class of christians. Is it necessary that I should produce proof of this? that I should show the means and resources used for this purpose—those unchristian acts? If so, then consult the sectarian and political periodicals of the last fifteen or twenty years; bring to mind the oft repeated lectures of Itinerant, and fanatics, sent out expressly to prejudice the public mind against this people.—When we survey such a state of things, can we marvel how the name of Catholic became so odious within these States—that they were "considered as sinners above all others," and worthy the vengeance of the populace? The excitement became more violent, raging within like a volcano which at length bursts forth its

smothered rage. Mount-Benedict sent forth its destroying flames, and formed its crater there. The innocent victims, who affrighted, fly the raging elements, yet hover about the mount; deeming safety even here more probably than in the city below, from whence the noxious matter originated, that now made the night hideous with its terrific noise. The destruction of the convent with its beautiful gardens, developed the spirit that had slumbered since the days of the Quakers. This evil persecuting spirit compelled the suffering females, to fly for refuge to Montreal. They left the ashes of their property to hallow the spot, where they had instructed the young idea in intellectual knowledge—elevated the moral sentiments—taught them useful accomplishments, and dispensed happiness around. Their jewels were left in the hands of a mob, who might look on the bright ornaments they had stolen, and see their own black infamy and wickedness reflected back with horror to the soul. They had left deeds of charity behind to bless them in their absence. The indigent had experienced their munificence; the sick their soothing remedies, and the dying the sweet consolation of religious instruction & affectionate encouragement.

At Montreal they were permitted, for a season, to worship God under their own vine and fig tree, with none to molest or make them afraid. Altho' free'd from mobs, yet slander found her way hither. Altho' the REED had been shaken and shut, its empty hallowness could not be filled with wind enough for the performers to squeak a *tedium*, yet its discordant sound brought forth a Monk to dance, if possible to the time of the squeaking bear.

Now the sound being uncertain, the Monk found a difficult task, and made up in turning round what was deficient in dancing. The spectators having paid well for seeing the farce; concluded it a piece of deception which ought to be exposed. *Cephas* who was firm as a rock, in a visit to Montreal determined to sift this matter thoroughly.

To conclude, we invite the reader to take a retrospect at the time when the cholera raged uncontrolled thro' this country. Then the sisters of charity extended their benevolent efforts to relieve suffering humanity. When children, in some cases fled from their distressed parents, who lay infected with the loathsome malady, when society was broken asunder, and friends leaving their comrades to their dismal fate—when all was dismay; *This order of human kindness* were employed administering unto the distressed and dying. All the Cities of America have witnessed their philanthropic zeal in the discharge of their moral duties, in acts of pure benevolence in dispensing blessings without money and without price. I would that there were more among us ready to risk their lives in the practice of pure and undefiled religion—in mitigating the sorrows, the ills to which our present organization is subject through life.

May our charity ever be extended to that sect, or individual whose deeds are in imitation of our blessed SAVIOR, who constantly went about doing good.

Philadelphia, May, 1837.

A CARD.

Some few weeks since, in the course of a conversation with a valued friend, who is disposed to believe in the impostures of

Maria Monk, it was suggested by him, that inasmuch as it was the sincere desire of the friends of the unhappy woman to examine the celebrated Hotel Dieu Nunne-ry of Montreal, in her company, perhaps it might be in the power of the undersigned to effect an arrangement by which their desires should be gratified. Knowing that as a part of the imposture, the public had been deceived as to the actual discipline of that institution, and that it had never been closed against gentlemen of respectability, with responsible introductions, and from no sinister or improper motives, the undersigned availed himself of the suggestion, and opened a correspondence with several gentlemen in Montreal for that purpose.—He is happy to inform the public that his request has been cheerfully granted. The undersigned is therefore authorized to state, that he is ready to procure an order for the admission of such gentlemen of character of this city, as may feel disposed to visit Montreal for the purpose of examining the said structure of the Hotel Dieu—outside and inside—above and below—and roundabout. They shall be admitted to "visit, search, and examine every part and apartment, outhouses, and gardens, &c. without exception." They shall also explore Nun's Island as thoroughly as they may desire. Maria Monk herself shall be admitted as their conductress; and it is also desired that they take with them the most skilful and experienced architect in this city, to aid them in their investigations as to the alleged alterations in the structure of the said Hotel Dieu.

WILLIAM L. STONE.

New York, Feb. 23, 1837.

N. B. Since the explosion of the case of the cosaint Francis Partridge—the reports which she has circulated in regard to the moral purity of her friends in this city—and her letter in which she denounces Maria Monk as an imposter, and proclaims herself to be the true Maria Monk, it is presumed the gentlemen will not wish to take her with them.

WANT OF PREACHERS.

The following extract of a letter from our zealous Agent, at Abington Va. adds another item to the already testimony, that many more preachers are actually needed in our denomination, and especially in the South and West. We would inform Br. Dunn, that we will endeavor to persuade a preacher to visit that section, if possible. We give the extract, that others may see and judge for themselves.

* * * * The Universalist doctrine has nearly cost me my life, but I feel very much like standing firm in the best of all causes.—This section of country is entirely destitute of a knowledge of the doctrine of impartial grace and salvation. If you would send us a preacher, I have no doubt but great good could be done; I have got the ice well broken, and the different churches can hardly turn a wheel now. If we

had a man of talent to preach a few months to us, the victory would be ours. I will board any preacher who will intenerate to this land of darkness; from six to twelve months, while he is telling the good news.

I should be glad if you would notice in the Glad Tidings, that a preacher is much wanted in this section. I could not promise him much pay but think he would be well received, for the people are becoming tired of the preaching of hell fire. &c.

I shall get all the subscribers I can for the 2d volume of your good, very good paper, and

Remain Yours very respectfully.

J. D.

List of Letters and Receipts.

A. T. for J. N., W. P. P. for self, C. A. and B. S., O. R. L. for self, and E. G. all of Belpre, in full for 2nd vol., Rev. T. J. C. do., L. C. Paterson, J. S. D. Beaver, P. M. do, \$2, A. P., Newark, M. B. Xenia for 1st and 2nd vols. A. C. Athens, P. M. Jersey, J. S. Lancaster \$5 for N. A. T., C. T. and self for 2nd vol. P. M., Caledonia, Rev. W. W. Cincinnati, P. M. Roseville, P. M. Mechanicsburg, J. D. Abington, Va. \$3 for T. K. S. and self, Rev. E. L. Parkman (2 subs.) E. E. Hillhouse \$2, E. A. P. Union, Rev. L. L. S., Zanesville; P. R. for D. H., T. J. M., H. H., J. T. and self all of Columbus, for 2nd vol. A. F., Millwood \$1, for G. W. and self, C. T., Mechanicsburg \$1 which pays up in full for 1st vol. for the subs. in that place, J. H., Kingsville (3 subs.) J. B., Jersey \$1 (paid to S. and W. Columbus) C. T., Mechanicsburg \$5 for self, J. W., A. L. M. and J. B., C. B. jr. Brighton Centre, (all right with him and J. J. Esq.)

In Sharon, Medina county, Ohio, on the 27th of June last, after a distressing illness of seven weeks, Mrs. ABIGAIL BRIGGS, consort of Br. Thomas Briggs, aged 42.—The deceased was formerly a resident of Bloomfield, N. Y., where she was expelled from the Baptist church for expressing her belief in a world's salvation. It is doing no more than to speak the language of all acquainted with her, to say that she was an affectionate wife, an amiable companion, an exemplary mother and a devout Christian. She departed this life under the influence of the love of God; fully believing in the doctrine of impartial and unlimited grace. She found by happy experience that it was indeed, a source of never failing consolation. Her death although distressing was triumphant in hope, and joyful through faith in a world's salvation. She breathed out her soul in peace, and calmly passed from the entanglements of mortality into that celestial temple not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

"Sweet is the scene where virtue dies;

Where sinks the righteous soul to rest;

How mildly beams the closing eye!

How gently heaves the dying breast!

So fades a summer cloud away;

So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;

So gently shuts the eye of day;

So dies the wave along the shore."

STEPHEN HULL.

LADIES DEPARTMENT.

Original.

ADDRESS TO YOUNG LADIES.

I have just been reading another tour, in the "Sentinel and Star in the West." It is truly cheering to the soul to hear, daily and weekly from those evangelists who are spending their time and talents, to promote the glorious cause of Universal salvation; and more cheering still, to hear of the glorious effects of that heavenly doctrine. Partialism and Infidelity flee before it as the dew before the rising sun; and truth and happiness are the lovely inmates of those hearts where ignorance and bigotry held their sway.

"From the fulness of the heart, the mouth speaketh;" my heart o'erflows with the love of God, and O! that I had eloquence, or power to persuade even one soul to seek for the "truth as it is in Jesus."

Sisters! young ladies of "the West," can we do nothing to forward this blessed truth? Shall we sit with our hands folded, while our beloved ministers are wasting the midnight oil to study for the promotion of a world's happiness; and riding through storms and winds to proclaim the "glad tidings of great joy?" Thanks be to our heavenly Father, we can forward this glorious truth. While our sisters who believe in a partial God, are sending bibles and tracts to the heathen of foreign lands; we can exert our influence at home, in our own neighborhoods and villages, and in a far more glorious cause. In the family circle, and in the social visit, we can distil around us the principles of virtue and true piety; we can seek the poor orphan and the desolate widow, and "minister to their wants;" we can take by the hand the child of early sorrow, and point to the "Star of Bethlehem," to that Saviour who is "Christ the Lord," and tell him that "these light afflictions will work out for him a far more exceeding & eternal weight of glory." We can watch over the sick and dying; and while preparing a cooling draught for the parched lips of the weary sufferer, breath in soft accents that heavenly consolation which cheers the soul; not of an endless hell, but of the boundless love of a "God of infinite goodness." O! what would I not do to dispel mental darkness and blind superstition! Hail! thrice hail, effulgent dawn of impartial grace. The light which arose in the East, has even reached this Western clime, but just emerged from a wilderness, and is fast dispersing dreary partialism, while pure gospel faith on heaven-plumed wings is making its way to the hearts of many benighted souls. Our opposers are doing all in their power; some even stoop to falsehood to put down Universalism; but its foundation is firm as the rock of ages, or the everlasting hills, and all the power of man can never shake it. It is the same sublime truth that the apostle preached, when he said, "I know that concerning this sect, it is every where spoken against." Shall we be ashamed of a doctrine that our blessed Saviour and his apostles taught? "In the Lord have we righteousness and strength;" why then shall we fear to embrace with our whole soul this precious truth. Rather let us live up to

all its heavenly principles that our light may shine and if we put all our confidence in the "Lord of hosts," it will continue to spread until infidelity shall flee away, & true christianity fill the earth. Hundreds and thousands are embracing the true faith; even this western wilderness is blossoming as the rose, and the ambrosial fruit of this faith is beginning to appear; and I expect, that ere long the red men of the woods will shake off the fetters of mental bondage, and the tall forests re-echo the praises of the white man's God.—What a vast field of usefulness is spread out before us! Then let us, O! let us exert our influence and talents in making those around us happy! Is there any thing in the universe more amiable than a young christian? Do we wish for beauty? that will "soon fade;" but let us cultivate that "inward beauty of the mind," which will bloom after this delusive world will have passed away. Do we wish to be happy? let the Saviour's image be deeply engraven on our hearts, and while contemplating his goodness and unbounded love, we cannot be unhappy. We cannot praise and exalt his name too highly—no, he is worthy of more praise and adoration than our feeble tongues can utter.

LOUISA.

Ohio, 1837.

Immortality.

"Shall spring ever visit the mouldering urn?
Shall day ever dawn on the night of the grave?"

Happily for the christian these questions are by him answered in the affirmative. The sun-beam of spring scatters the frost and mildew that gathers around the root of the decayed flower, and ere long it will bloom again in venerated beauty and freshness: and the Sun of Righteousness opens the portals of the tomb, bids the day-star of faith light up its dark recesses, and the mourners heart to rejoice in the consideration that immortal life springs up from its gloomy cavern. Such was the good news the Son of God brought. Jesus and the resurrection was the apostolic theme: and though practical religion was at all times recommended the all absorbing hope of immortal life was the ground-work of all their discourses. And this was the more necessary, as even in these early times, there were some who denied the resurrection. Some who were ready—aye willing to believe

"That day never should dawn on the night of the grave."

Hence it was very necessary that the apostles should be very precise in their communications upon this important subject, and though they might be accused of being too doctrinal, inasmuch as they have told us very plainly what might be the amount of our faith without detriment to our morals.* They hesitated not to believe the whole counsel of God. It required indeed all the firmness, courage, and perseverance, united to the meek, humble and Christ-like spirit of martyrs, to enable them to overcome the prejudices of the multitude. But blessed be God, they triumphed! Encouraging thought for those

who are now fighting the battles of the Cross against the doubter and the infidel. Immortality and eternal life—unending happiness, endless joy for the whole human race! Who would shrink from proclaiming this good news to the world? Would you kind and christian reader (for I have no misgivings but that thou art such,) fear to announce to a dear friend his heirship to an immense property, did you believe this to be a fact? Certainly not. Truly then if you are a Universalist, (and I doubt not you are,) tell all people whether they will hear or forbear, that a state of unalloyed felicity, of purification from sins of sanctification from all impurity, has been promised them by the Father of the spirits of all flesh, and that in due time we shall be gathered together in Christ Jesus and worship his God and our God in Immortal glory.

ISORA.

"For the grace of God &c., teaches us to deny all ungodliness."—St. Paul.

Female Christian.

I asked her when in beauty dressed,
When youthful hope inspired her breast,
Where is he thou lovest best?

She said—in heaven.

I asked her when she fondly pressed,
Her smiling infant to her breast,
Where is he now that thou lovest best?

She said—in heaven.

I asked her when her bloom was lost,
When all her earthly hopes were crossed,
Where is he whom thou lovest most?

She said—in heaven.

I asked her in her dying groan,
Who is the brightest, loveliest one?
'Tis God, she cried, my God alone.
And went to heaven.

The Smile.

The late ingenious Dr. Darwin thus explains the origin of a smile:—"The smile" says he, in his Temple of Nature, "has generally been ascribed to inexpressible instinct, but may be deduced from our early association of action and ideas. In the act of sucking the lips of the infant reclosed round the nipple of its mother, till it has filled its stomach, and the pleasure of digesting its grateful food succeeds then the sphincter of the mouth, fatigued, by the continued action of sucking, is relaxed, and the antagonist muscles of the face gently acting, produce the smile of pleasure, which is thus, during our lives, associated with gentle pleasure."

Gone Down.—About one hundred feet of the Northern Turnpike road, at the hill one mile west of Murfreesville slipped; and down it went, some sixty or seventy feet before it stopped.—The turnpike gate was determined that part of the road should not be travelled for nothing, and therefore boldly moved down the precipice, and is said to stand somewhat in the position of a man who had rather a heavy load near the upper story, leaning a little over. But the impoliteness of travellers; 'tis too bad—they don't go that way, but turn to the other side.—Somerset Whig.

WHO, AND WHAT HAVE NOT FAILED.

BY MISS C. M. SEDGWICK.

To the Editor of the Metropolitan.

GENTLEMEN: I was, a few evenings since, at a friend's house, Mr. J's. He is one of the sufferers by the disastrous times. Some few weeks ago he believed himself worth a half a million. Loss has accumulated upon loss here, and, last week, the return of his bills upon a bankrupt house in England, completed the wreck of his fortune. At the time of his failure his daughter, my lovely Helen, was on the point of marriage with a young lawyer, who, by a dint of talent and industry, has earned an education, and who during the last year, the first of his professional career, has been in the receipt of some ten or twelve hundred dollars. This, of course, was a very inadequate income for a lady accustomed to an establishment scarcely surpassed in luxury by any in our city.

But this mattered not to Helen's father. He "chose," he said, "that his daughters should marry poor men, he had enough for them all." And he was actually in treaty for a fine house for Helen, and had decided on the amount of a most liberal portion to be settled on her, when the blow came which deprived him of the ability to give her a shilling. Circumstances added mortification to disappointment. Miss J. had left her "at home" cards at the houses of her friends. The wedding dresses and the wedding presents were made. The bridal veil and wedding ring were bought, and the wedding cake was actually in the House. At this crisis it was that I had gone, my face full of condolence, if it did any justice to my heart, which was full of sympathy, to pass the evening at her father's. I did not find Helen at home, but there were several persons there, casual visitors, friends of the family like myself. Apprehension, sadness, or dismay, sat on every countenance. The conversation naturally turned upon the all-absorbing topic of the day. Each one had his melancholy tale to relate, for each one had had his hopes. One told of one failure, and one of another—one gave a list of disasters abroad, and another produced an actual record of bankruptcies at home. It was prophesied that all who had not failed would fail.

"There is nothing left to fail," exclaimed Mr. J., striking his hands with vehement impatience, "the banks have failed, and the government has failed—every body and every thing has failed!" "Not every thing, my dear father," exclaimed Helen, who just then entered with her lover, her face radiant with an expression that indicated that her happiness was secured from failure by *bond and mortgage*, "not every thing, sir,—the moon has not failed!" This happy turn of my friend gave an impulse to my mind, and set me to observing who and what had *not failed*. I gave you the result of my observations in the hope that it may lead others to look beyond the shadow of this eclipse. While returning I echoed my friend's words "indeed the moon has not failed!" She, with her glorious train of stars, looking down serenely on our troubled city, bearing a message of love to the disquieted spirit, an assurance that there is a better joy awaiting those "who have ceased to rejoice because their wealth is great, and because their hand has gotten much." On my way, I met a friend returning from the theatre—"did Ellen Tree succeed?" I asked. "Did Ellen Tree ever fail?" he replied. "No—all the world may fail; but Ellen Tree cannot fail!"

I entered my home, and my old deaf friend, Mrs. S. was sitting alone reading so intently that she did not observe me. Her book touched the fountains of feeling. She wiped her spectacles, and once or twice laughed aloud. Ah! thought I, books have *not failed*. These exhaustless magazines of happiness, these silent ministers

to the soul, these welcome and successful missionaries to all parts of the civilized world, have not, and *cannot fail*!

As I went to my room I met our faithful nurse, going her accustomed round to take a last look at the sleeping children. "Kindness and fidelity in domestic service have *not failed*," thought I, as I looked at their impersonation in this excellent woman; "nor has their sweetest reward failed." I never thought, when one of the little girls her slumbers for a moment broken, murmured, kissing her nurse, "Oh, is it *you*, mamma," and then she fell into the arms of sleep, the "sweet restorer," who never fails to innocent healthful childhood.

Morning, and the sun, who always meets his engagements, came, and clouds, which in this spring-time seldom fail, appeared, and poured down their nourishing stores, threatening to dis appoint my project of a stroll to Hoboken with a party of children who were watching the heavens, as nothing else is now watched but the money market. The morning passed, dinner came, and the desert, and the *baby*, the youngest of six, and the pet of them all. She looked as bright as Guido's Aurora, as she made her *grand entree* in her brother's arms, attended by her train of sisters. At sight of her the clouds of care, that in these careful times accumulate, vanished from her father's brow. Her mother greeted her with the chorus of her nursery song,

"Ching a-ring a-ring ching-chice,
Ho ding a linkum darkey!"

To which she replied by clapping her hands and dancing her feet, and then amidst the acclamations of her loving audience, she played her part—"almost standing" alone, "almost saying mamma"—sitting in the centre of the table, and rolling an orange to each, and replying to the caresses of all with a grace and significance never in the world seen—except from the youngest of every happy home. "Riches may take to themselves wings," thought I, "and fly away," but the love of parents, of brothers and sisters' the beauty and joy of infancy, the riches which heaven has ordained and watched over, *never fail*.

The clouds passed off and went to Hoboken. The grass, freshened by the recent shower, seemed green under our feet. The birds were on the wing singing a *te-deum* for the return of spring. The buds were bursting into leaves, the dog wood was just unfolding its white blossoms, and the violet opening its blue eye. "Nature has *not failed*," thought I. "Oh! that the worn, disappointed, heart sick denizens of yon city would come forth and enjoy a possession common to all, which wealth cannot buy, nor poverty sell, chartered by heaven, and independent of this bank note world!"

On our return I met in the boat my friends, Mr. and Mrs. E. They have shared the disasters of the times, without having provoked them by speculation or extravagance, and now were about to leave their beautiful house in square for a humble country lodging. They were both cheerful, she rather more so than usual; and when I remarked this she said, "I have reason for it. I now know what we can and what we can't lose; and the balance is, beyond estimation, in our favor. This is no place or time for sentiment!" she glanced her eyes fondly from her husband to a little boy who held her hand, "or I would tell you what of most precious I have *not lost*, but even here I may say, that though my husband's business has failed, his integrity, ability, industry have *not failed*." "Neither," thought I, "does the fidelity of a true hearted wife, her tenderness, fortitude, and elevatedness, put her to what trial you will, ever fail!"

The next day was Sunday. In the evening our pastor preached upon the times, and from the text, "who shall separate us from the love of

God;" and I believe not an individual left the church without a sense of the littleness of those temporal possessions that are liable to fail, and a deep gratitude for those eternal and illimitable riches that are offered to us by grace. When I came home I found the following note from Helen J.

"My dear friend, my father has at last consented that I shall not participate in the general bankruptcy, so pray come to-morrow, the day originally appointed for my wedding and witness my *non-failure*. Thanks to my mother I have been so instructed in domestic economy, that I may indulge in the luxury of marrying the man I love, though he have not a thousand dollars a year; and as I hold true love, capacity, industry and frugality to be a sufficient security, do not fear that we shall fail in our conjugal partnership.

A Parisian belle, during the cholera panic, painted over her door, "no cholera spoken of here!"—I would go a little further, and during the panic, not only prescribe the agitating topic; and suggest others which if duly considered would relieve the pressure to which even the good and manly are too passively yielding.

New York, May, 1837.

STANZAS.

BY JOSIAH CONDOR.

Fear not—I have the keys of the grave and of death.

Oh cling not; trembler, to life's fragile bark;
It fills—it soon must sink!
Look not below where all is chill and dark;
'Tis agony to think
Of that wild waste. But look! oh look above!
And see the outstretched arm of Love!

Cling not to this poor life. Unlock thy clasp—
Of fleeting, vapo'ring air—
The world, receding, soon shall mock thy grasp;
But let the wings of prayer
Take heavens own blessed breeze, and upward flee
And life from God shall enter thee.

O fear not in Him who walks the stormy wave;
'Tis not a spectre but the Lord!
Trust thou in Him who overcame the grave,
Who holds in captive ward
The powers of death. Heed not the monster grim
Nor fear to go through death to Him.

Look not so fondly back on this false earth:
Let hope not linger here:
Say, would the worm forego its second birth,
Or the transition fear,
That gives it wings to try a world unknown,
Although it wakes and mounts alone?

But thou art not alone on either side
The portal, friends stand guard;
And the kind spirits wait, thy course to guide,
Why, why should it be hard
To trust our Maker with the soul he gave,
Or him who died that soul to save?

Into his hands commit thy trembling spirit,
Who gave his life for thine;
Guilty, fix all thy trust upon his merit,
To him thy heart resign.
Oh, give him love for love, and sweetly fall
Into his hands who is thy all.

DEATH FROM A BULL.

The Sciota (Ohio) Gazette, July 20, says, "Charles Davis, Esq. a well known, respectable farmer of big bottom on the Sciota, died on Tuesday night, having been dreadfully gored by one of his English bulls on the Saturday previous."